

SANITARIAN
We
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Mrs. R. H.
Mrs. G. H.
Mrs. W. H.
Mrs. L. H.
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Mrs. P. H.
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SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMAN'S FRIENDLY SOCIETY, 1807 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Mr. G. H. C. ...

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., March 1, 1864.

F. A. KRAFT, Esq.

Dear Sir:—

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COSTUMES FOR A FANCY BALL.

FROM A PARIS LETTER.

Great preparations are in progress for the ball which takes place this evening at the Tuilleries. I will describe some of the costumes which have come under my notice.

The *Marchioness de Fontenay* is to appear in the "Queen of the Amazons"—a very original and noble costume. The white silk dress falls about the hips, and is embroidered with gold; the collar of gold is fastened to the waist, and appears to be composed of silver scales; a very small golden helmet with white feathers on the head, allowing the tresses to fall around the neck; the shoulders, and arms uncovered, and looking made of cloth of gold on the feet.

The *Comtesse de Saint-Hilaire* wears a splendid costume which is called "The Legion of Honor." It is in fact a reproduction of that order. The skirt is of red satin (the same color as the ribbon used for the decorations), but it is embroidered with gold flowers; over this falls a white satin tulle which is cut in the form of the cross. The bodice is made of cloth of gold in the shape of the middle ages, that is to say, demanding below the waist, and rounded off both in front and at the back. The arms of the bodice are embroidered with gold in white silk, and a wreath of laurel leaves around the lower part of the bodice. Upon the shoulders will be borne an ermine mantle lined with cloth of gold; the head-dress is a small royal coronet placed at the top of the head lined with gold, and studded with precious stones, and in the right hand will be carried an immense goose-quill dyed in the national colors.

Mme. Perrotte will appear as *Rosalie*, that fatal girl which brings poverty or wealth in a few minutes. A shower of gold falls among her hair; the bodice is arranged with a battle mode entirely of gold coins, with a white satin tube for 10,000 francs fastened to it. Two small tufts of red hair are placed in front of the head. The skirt, which is made of bright red silk, is embroidered round the bottom with a network of gold coins, the small gold rake, such as the croupiers use to draw together the gold at *Baden* and *Eps*, is carried in the right hand.

A young lady, Mlle. H., is to appear as "Snow," and the costume is a most beautiful one. The short white satin skirt is edged with swansdown, and long crystal beads imitating icicles. The low bodice is in the Louis XV. form; it is pointed and made of white satin, and crowned with a band of swansdown; in the centre, as an emblem of Hope and Spring, a tuft of half-opened primrose is fastened. The hair is powdered with very brilliant silver and glass powder, and underneath the left ear is fastened another tuft of lilac primrose. A necklace of large crystal beads, with long drops in the form of icicles is to be worn around the throat. The boots are white satin, the heels covered with the same material; a band of swansdown upon the instep and around the ankle.

Two charming sisters, daughters of the *Chiffonier*, are to appear, one as a white cat and the other as a *scandaleuse* of Louis XV. reign. The white cat wears upon her head a white cat's head, and round her throat a black velvet necklace, upon which the name *Minette* is written in gold letters; a sky-blue satin bodice edged with white fur; a sky-blue satin skirt likewise edged with white fur and embroidered in silk with white cats' heads. This blue satin skirt is worn over a white satin one and is looped up at regular distances with bows of blue ribbon streaked with silver.

ANTIQUITY OF THE GAME OF HOOP.—This very favorite amusement was in high repute with the boys and young men of antiquity. Hence mentions it as one of the manly sports of his time. The hoop was then of much larger dimensions than at the present day, being five or six feet in diameter, made of iron, and having a number of iron rings suspended to the inside. These made a clattering noise as the hoop rolled along, and gave warning of its approach. The game was called *Trochus* by the Romans, and the hoop was directed, as at present, by an iron rod in a wooden handle, which bore the name of *Rodius*. Addison mentions having noticed at Rome an ancient statue of Time, holding in his hand a hoop of marble—*Remulus*.

LOVE. Love wakes men, once a life-time each; They lift their heavy lids and look, And lo! what one sweet page can teach, They read with joy, then shut the book, And some give thanks, and some blaspheme, And most forget; but every way, That and the child's unheeded dream, Is all the light of all their day.

Alfred O. Hobbs, of East Fryeburg, Me., died recently from bleeding, having fallen and the teeth perforating the tongue.

A burglar-proof vault has been invented, in which a space between two of the plates is filled with iron balls about one inch in diameter, perfectly loose. The plates cannot be drilled through, as a drill must strike one of those balls, which would rotate with the tool, instead of submitting to the perforating process. One of these vaults has been put in the Chicago Custom House.

LOST IN THE DESERT OF BARBA.

THE OFFICERS AND SINGERS OF DR. BARTH.

The officers and singers of Dr. Barth, very faithful to his memory, are by far more explicitly related to the story "Narrative of a Mission to Central Africa, by the late James Richardson," published after his death in 1859, than in "Barth's Travels and Discoveries." A few sentences of the "Narrative" will show what unaccountable adventures Dr. Barth gave to his companions.

"This was a dreadfully exciting day. I can assure that, as the afternoon wore on, I had given up nearly all hope, and continued the search nearly as a matter of duty. You will be able to imagine the anguish of looking a friend under such circumstances in the wild desert, where you may never meet again, whether by the power of a miracle, the chance of a wild beast, or by that still more deadly as my friend, that before sunset I was not paying much more than a last moment when I saw one of our blacks, the little *Mahdum*, running eagerly towards the encampment. Good news was in his very step. I hastened to meet him. He brought the joyful intelligence that Dr. Barth had been found, still alive, and even able to speak. The *Kuruk* whom I had discovered, in searching the country with his subject, had found him about eight miles from the camp, lying on the ground unable to move. For twenty-four hours he had remained in the same position, perfectly exhausted with heat and fatigue. Our fire had not been smothered by him, but they only served to show that we were doing our best to find him. He could not move a step towards them. On seeing his deliverers, he could just utter strength to say, 'Water, water.' He had finished the small supply he had taken with him the day before at noon, and had from that time suffered the most horrible tortures from thirst. He had even drunk his own blood! Twenty-eight hours without water in the *Barba*! Our people would scarcely at first credit that he was alive, for their saying is, that no one can live more than twelve hours when lost in the desert during the heat of summer."

MARKED ARTICLES.

Some of the marks which are fastened on the blankets, shirts, &c., sent to the Sanitary Commission for the soldiers, show the thought and feeling at home. Thus—on a home-made blanket, worn, but washed as clean as snow, was placed a bit of paper which said: "This blanket was carried by Milly Aldrich (who is sixty-three years old) down hill and up hill, one and a half miles, to be given to some soldier."

On a bed quilt was placed a card, saying: "My son is in the army. Whoever is made warm by this quilt, which I have worked on for six days and most all of six nights, let him remember his own mother's love."

On another blanket was this: "This blanket was used by a soldier in the war of 1812—may it keep some soldier warm in this war against traitors."

On a pillow was written: "This pillow belonged to my little boy, who died resting on it; it is a precious treasure to me, but I give it for the soldiers."

On a pair of woollen socks was written: "These stockings were knit by a little girl five years old, and she is going to knit some more, for mother says it will help some poor soldier."

On a box of beautiful lint was this mark: "Made in a sick room, where the sunlight has not entered for nine years, but where God has entered, and where two sons have bid their mother good-bye as they have gone out to the war."

On a bundle containing bandages was written: "This is a poor gift, but it is all I had; I have given my husband and my boy, and only wish I had more to give, but I haven't."

On some eye-shades were marked: "Made by one who is blind. Oh, how I long to see the dear old flag that you are all fighting under."

THE FEAR OF ANIMALS.—Preserve girls from fear and affection, which, for the most part, find place where reason is excluded. Even at a very early age you may cover, with a many colored veil, many imaginary fears. For instance, you may tell a child that the first clap of thunder he hears is the rolling of the chariot on which the long expected spirit arrives; or you may yourself unconsciously regard animals which alarm by the rapidity of their movements, as mice; or by their size, as horses; or by their unpleasant forms, as spiders or toads. Then direct the children's eye from the whole to the individual beautiful limbs, and gradually, without compulsion, draw child and beast together, for children have scarcely any other fear than that produced by strangeness. One scream of fear from a mother may resound through the whole life of her daughter; for no rational discourse can extinguish the mother's scream. You may make any fall, color, or semicolon, or comma of life, before your children, but not a note of exclamation!

JEAN PAUL.

Emancipation is working well in Russia. More than 8,000 new schools have sprung into existence through individual effort among the peasantry.

LATEST NEWS.

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UNDER THE GATE.

"Then it is not him," groined he—"no more!"

"He is miles away, my friend, and he will never come under this roof."

"Thank Heaven—thank Heaven!" cried the poor boy, sinking back upon the pillow; "it was only a dreadful dream, then. I shall die happy."

"You need not talk of dying, Marmaduke. On the contrary, let us hope you are about to begin a life unclouded, untroubled, and without fear."

"No, Peter, I must die; I feel that. But what is death to what I have been dreaming? Do you remember that poem which came down in the box of books, from Mr. Olin, last week, about a wretched man that was bound upon a wild horse and could not get to the Ukraine? And then he reported with some difficulty—

"How fast we fed, away, away, And I could neither sigh nor pray, And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain Upon the corner's bristling mane, But moving still with rage and fear, He flew upon his horse career: At times I almost thought, indeed, He must have choked in his speed; But so—my head and slender frame Was nothing to his angry might, And surely like a spur he came!"

Well, Peter, that was I. But instead of the wolves which followed upon his track, it was my uncle Marmaduke who followed me. He had chosen to kill me at the Court Palace would have killed Marmaduke, but he wanted also to see it done.

"All through the night I heard his feet Their stealing rustling step repeat."

Great Heaven, I hear them now!"

"Nay, Marmaduke, it is only I, your old tutor," said Mr. Long, tenderly, who had not been able to leave his sofa entirely without notice. "You must not give way to these fancies: you had a fall from Panther, that is all."

"Ay," returned the poor boy, "it was Panther, only I thought he was a wild horse, and not my pony at all."

"But though my cords were wet with gore, Which oozed through my limbs run o'er; And in my tongue the thirsted flame A something savor for their fame!"

That was nothing; nothing to the knowledge that that man was close behind. Now that I am awake, I feel bruised from head to heel, my bones ache, my head seems as though it were about to burst, but that is nothing to—the poor lad could not finish the sentence, but exclaimed with piteous vehemence—"do, Mr. Long, do promise me that I shall never see him more."

"You shall never see him more, if I can help it," returned my tutor with unusual energy. "You, I think I can promise that you never shall." I will know that so cautious a man as Mr. Long would not have said so much without full warrant: it was evident to me at once that he had heard from Mr. Gerard all that had passed between the gentleman and the baronet in the drawing-room, and was now determined to act with vigor in Marmaduke's behalf. Perhaps the coincidence of the lad's dream with what had in fact occurred, may have helped my tutor's decision, but now that he had once passed his word, I felt sure that he would stand by Marmaduke to the last.

The sick boy seemed to feel this too, for he uttered many expressions of gratitude and contentment, while he kept fast hold of his protector's hand.

"But mind, Marmaduke, you must now make haste and get well, and not give way to dependency about yourself. I am going for the doctor, who is sleeping in the house, and whom I promised to call as soon as you awake, and, Peter, don't you let him talk too much. For a boy like that to talk of death," added Mr. Long, aloud, as he drew on his slippers, "is to go half-way to meet it."

Marmaduke smiled feebly at this remark of his unconscious tutor's, and when he had left the room, observed:

"There is no need of any doctors; this is my death-bed, Meredith, I know."

"Marmaduke," replied I gravely, "I will not listen to such dreadful things; it is wrong, it is wicked, it will do you harm."

"No, Peter, there is nothing dreadful in the thing I mean, and it seems to soothe me when I speak of it. Since I have been ill, I have had a sign that tells me I must go. We shall not grow up together to be friends through life, as we had planned. I shall watch you perhaps—I hope I shall—and be happy in your happiness, but you will soon forget me. There will be a thousand things for you to think of; there have been even now for you while I—It seems hard, does it not, Peter, that I should have grown up under the shadow of this man, and never left the sunshine? They say that boyhood is the blindest time of life, but I have never been a boy. I think I could almost tell him, if he stood here now, how he has patronized my young life, and how he has given without one pleasant memory to lighten my dying eyes. Yes, my friend, dying. I have seen a vision in the night for two years and did not have been sent from Heaven to tell me. They say the Heathens have always seen a vision when their hour is come, but this was surely a gentle reminder. I

shall my eyes and see that gentle reminder. I have seen a vision in the night for two years and did not have been sent from Heaven to tell me. They say the Heathens have always seen a vision when their hour is come, but this was surely a gentle reminder. I

"His name is Lucy Gerard," replied I, quietly, "and we are at this moment, in her father's house."

Marmaduke's mention of her name had revealed to me the secret alike of heaven and vision. He must have been dimly conscious of the catastrophe that had occurred to him throughout, although he had confused himself, poor fellow, with Marmaduke, and the daughter of our host with a vision from the skies. His eyes were now closed, and with features as pale as the pillow on which he lay he was repeating to himself her name as though it were a prayer.

"Marmaduke," said I, "we will talk no more, so do I exhume you then; I hear Mr. Long returning with the doctor, be of good heart, and keep your thoughts from dwelling—"

"Yes," interrupted he, as though he would prevent the very mention of that grisly thing of whom he had been but now conversing so familiarly, "I will, I will. It would indeed be bitter to die now."

CHAPTER XI.

WOOLING BY PROXY.

The medical report of Marmaduke Heath was more than cheering; it was comforting.

"One of the very best features of that young man's case is this," said Dr. Stowell, "he does not give way. Foolish youths of his age will sometimes, as it were, fall in love with death, until it is absolutely close beside them; poor fellows, when they shrink from him like the best of us."

"You should rather say the worst of us, Dr. Stowell," observed my tutor.

"Well, sir, as far as my experience goes," returned the doctor cheerfully, "and I have 'assisted,' as Mr. Gerard here will have it, at the demise of many persons of the very first respectability, few of us are apt to welcome death; the majority, contrary to what is vulgarly believed, pay him no sort of attention whatever."

"And yet," remarked Mr. Harvey Gerard, "he came over before the Conqueror, and possesses a considerable amount of land all over the country."

"True, sir, true," replied the doctor, gravely, "and those are attributes which should always command respect. With regard, however, to our young patient, he seems determined, notwithstanding his sufferings, to be cheerful, and bear up. I have told him how essential it is to do so, and the young gentleman is most reasonable, I am sure. 'I do not want to die, I wish to live,' were his very words—a most satisfactory and sensible state of mind. Fairbairn Hall—he did not say this, but I know what was passing through his brain quite well—Fairbairn Hall, and one of the oldest baronies in the kingdom, are something to live for—that is a great point in cases of this kind."

I am sure I felt thankful and glad to hear this account of my dear friend; yet I could not help wishing that Dr. Stowell had been as correct in the cause of Marmaduke's clinging to life as in the fact itself. For I, too, was stricken with love for Lucy Gerard, and would have laid down my life to kiss her finger tip. It is the fashion now to jest at that which is called First Love, as though affection were not worth having until it has first exhausted itself upon a score of objects; nay, perhaps, the thing itself is as extinct as the Dodo. In my day, however, the Great Three-Hundred-a-Year Marriage Question was not yet broached, and gentlemen did not complacently publish their proposals at the heads of the fair sex in the Times newspaper. Nearly half a century has passed over my head since the time of which I write, and has not spared its answers, and yet, I swear to you, my old heart glows again, and on my withered cheek there comes a blush as I call to mind the time when first I met that pure and fair young girl.

The worship of a lad is never being; it is said, although I know not upon what authority—society so seldom permitting the experiment to be made, that the dream can hardly be established; but while it does last, at least, how clear and steady is the vision! how honest is the devotion! how complete the sacrifice! Since I have been an old fellow I have been consoled to me by more than one ancient girl that they still experience a rapture when they chance to catch the affection of a boy. They are kinder to him than they are to older men; they let him down easy; they repeat the information which they themselves have long lost the power of entertaining. How delicious then, must such a conquest be to a maiden of seventeen! I claim for myself the possession of no tenderer nor truer feelings than other lads, but I know that a queen might have occupied the baronetage which I paid to Lucy Gerard. And

never was fully more disinterested. I have written down a little to my dearest; let me then say this much to my own friend. From the moment that Marmaduke Heath spoke to me in his old, open heart of distress, of our host's daughter, I determined within myself not only to stand aside, and let him win her if he could, but to help him by all means within my power. If he lived for her sake, should I endeavor to stay him? If a promise, however distant, of a bright and happy future seemed as bright to be held out for him when he had been so adduced and so bitter, should I strive to make it void? I could not afford to lose her; no, I would have given all that I had in the world to hear her whisper, "I love you." I would have begged, myself, I say, for those mere words; but could he, poor lad, afford the loss of her so well?

Doubtless, in modern eyes, we both appear more foolish victims of self-love; green hobnobbery, devoted with the first flutter of a passion. As for me, let it be so received, and welcome—although, my young readers, male, this is to be said, you never saw Lucy Gerard. Otherwise you would wonder little at my—well, at my poor folly. But with respect to Marmaduke, it must be admitted that he was not an ordinary man. Although a boy in years, he had long been sitting on the shores of old romances, and had probably more of the divine faculty for Love within him than all the ardent souls of five-and-thirty put together, who are at this moment turning their eyes about them for a suitable young person with whose income to unite their own. Since his mother died, he had scarcely beheld a virtuous woman, with the exception of dear Mrs. Myrtle, the housekeeper at the Rectory, whose appearance was calculated to excite respect rather than the sentimental emotions; and now he had suddenly been brought face to face with one whose equal for form and feature, for gentleness and gracefulness, for modesty and courage, these eyes have never yet beheld. I have done. There shall be no more entrance, reader; an old man thanks you that you have borne with his dotting garrulity even thus long.

Since the days of Earl Athelwold, and probably long before them, the wooing by proxy has been held to be a perforce undertaking; we cannot take the fingers of fair lady within our own, and say: "This is not my hand at all," as though we were Bishop Berkeley, or, still more, "This is somebody else's hand," which it manifestly is not. If credit is to be given to each pretensions at all, there is no knowing where to stop; and yet we must be doing something tender, or we are not performing our duty as deputy. But how tender are the dangers of this enterprise, when the delegate of another has at one time contemplated performing the mission in question upon his own account. Of this peril—although fully determined to speak a good word for Marmaduke—I was well aware; I even considered within myself whether it would not be safer, upon the whole, to return at once to Fairbairn Rectory, lest I should do my friend an involuntary wrong. Yes, I was walking in the garden at the Dovecot after breakfast, considering this, when I came upon Lucy Gerard herself, and slight became impossible to me, being mortal. I was pacing a winding path that ran beside the lawn, but was hidden from it by a glittering wall of laurel, and, lo! there she stood, unconscious of my advent, beside what I stately, a sun-dial? No, a rose-tree, striving upwards by help of a little cross of white marble. Her face was westward, so that the morning sun shone like a glory on the wealth of hair that rippled down her shoulders; beside her indoor garments she wore only a little braided apron, full of pockets that held scissors, pruning-knife, the thing which is called "bush," I believe, and other horticultural weapons, and on her head she staid straw hat, with a brim obviously intended to shelter more than one—perfect garden-maid; and at her prayers! for while I looked, she knelt upon the grass-border (to shake some insect from a rose, I at first thought, or remove a faded leaf, and so, with bowed head, remained for several minutes. When she arose, and saw me hesitating whether to advance or retreat, she blushed a little, but in her usual quiet tone begged me not to be disturbed. "You could not know that this is forbidden ground here; I was my fault, who ought to have told you; our own folks all know it, and so few guests ever come to the Dovecot, that I never struck me, Mr. Meredith, to give you a Trousseau notice."

"But since I am here, Miss Gerard, and the intrusion has been made—most innocently, I assure you—may I not be suffered to satisfy what, believe me, is not a mere vulgar curiosity?"

"I do not think," returned the young lady, with some hesitation, "that my father would object to your knowing our little secret; you are going to remain with us some time, he hopes, and—yes, I am sure you will respect what with us is held so sacred. This cross and rose-tree are not above my little sister's grave. So, that is what we used to call her—LITTLE BEA. She of whom I spoke to you in the drawing-room yesterday."

I darney my stupid face exhibited more of astonishment than sympathy. No wonder, thought I, that the doctor called Mr.

Gerard a nutcase, and that Mr. Long was so cold and distant in his manner!

"You must excuse me, Mr. Meredith, that my father should have asked that—should have placed the trust of his dear child where he can always come to weep and pray at it, and not amid the long dark grates in Oxendon Churchyard. It is so very rare a thing to bury those we love elsewhere than in a churchyard!"

"I only know one other instance," said I, "and that is in the Heath family."

"Indeed," replied Miss Gerard gravely, moving away as though not wishing to converse of common things in that sacred neighborhood, "I trust we have but little in common with them."

"Truly, I can scarcely imagine that you and they are of the same species," replied I, with irrepressible admiration, "you who do not even know what wickedness is!"

"What!—I? Oh, but I am sometimes very, very wicked, I assure you," replied Miss Gerard. She looked so serious, nay, so sad, that I could have taken up her little hand and kissed it, there and then, to comfort her. But would such a course of conduct assist poor Marmaduke? thought I—and fortunately in time.

"There is one of the Heath family," said I, "at all events, whose good qualities will go far to atone for the shortcomings of his adversaries, if he only lives to exercise them."

"That 'if he only lives' I considered to be very diplomatic; it was calculating a tender sympathy for his perforce condition to start with."

"Dr. Stowell says that there is little danger," replied Miss Gerard, quietly.

"I know better," observed I, confidentially; "his life or death hangs upon a thread—a chance."

"Good heavens! Mr. Meredith—what can you mean? The brain, we are assured, is quite unafraid."

"My dear Miss Gerard," returned I, "it is not his brain that is affected; it is his heart. His recovery, I am positively certain, depends upon you."

"Upon me! Mr. Meredith!" replied she, while a blush sprung from cheek to forehead on the instant, as though a white rose should become a red one—"upon me?"

"Yes, dear young lady—that is, upon you and your good father. This lad will find here, for the first time in his young life, peace and tenderness—a new existence, if you only choose, will expand around him, such as he has never even dreamt of. I do not ask you to be kind to him, for you cannot be otherwise than kind; but consider his condition—fatherless, motherless, and having for his only relative a wretch whose stolidity is unappealing—what reason has he to wish for life? But you—you may teach him to feel that existence has something else to offer than sorrow, and shame, and fear."

"Alas, sir! I am nothing," returned Miss Gerard. "But if your friend desires a teacher to whom fear and shame are unknown, and whom sorrow has rendered wise, not mad, he will find one in my dear father. Oh, Mr. Meredith, if you know him as I know him, how tender he is as well as strong; you would go straight to him! What I have of help within me, if I have anything, is derived from him alone."

"There are some maladies," said I, "against which not the most skillful physician can avail without a gentle nurse to smooth the pillow. I am sure I need say no more, except to assure you that whatever kind offices you may bestow upon Marmaduke Heath, will not be wasted upon an unworthy object. He is most honorable, generous, warm-hearted."

"And very fortunate," interrupted Miss Gerard, cordially, "in having a friend to be thus enthusiastic for him in his absence!"

Her eyes sparkled with pleasure; and she held out her hand frankly as she spoke. I took it, and pressed it for an instant. A shock of joy passed through my frame; my whole being trembled with ecstasy. Passion took me by storm, and for one glorious moment held the very chord of my soul; but it was for the last time—believe me, Marmaduke, the last time in all my life. Fifty years have come and gone, with their full share of pleasure and pain, but have never brought a moment of him like that, nor such joy despair as the thought of them, my friend, caused to succeed it!

I write not in self-gratitude. I was not so mad as to suppose that Lucy Gerard would have ever stooped to love Peter Meredith when once she had known Marmaduke Heath. If he had so endeared himself to me, a selfish boy, who knew not half his gift, or, at least, knew not how to value them—that I thus rudely broke my own brief love-dream for his sake, would he not draw her towards him, laden with all her wealth of heart and brain, as the moon draws the wave? It was so afterwards; but I knew it then, as though it had already been. Yes, Marmaduke—yet I gave you something—for it was all I had—when I laid at your feet, to form a stepping-stone for you, my own heart. You took upon it my dear and faithful friend—But, thank Heaven! you never knew that you did so.

I wonder whether Lucy ever knew? (TO BE CONTINUED.)

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE, Under the greenwood tree, When the morning sun is high, And the birds are singing sweet, And the flowers are in bloom, Over the April sky.

And the birds are singing sweet, And the flowers are in bloom, Over the April sky.

And the birds are singing sweet, And the flowers are in bloom, Over the April sky.

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THE DYING LIEUTENANTS STORY.

was in Moscow, when I came out of the well-known shop, and was sent to the guard. The officer on duty there discovered his mistake but for the attention of the Englisher Detoursé, and in the same hour night in which I was taken towards Moscow, that gentleman, together with the Jolietts one and all, contrived to make their way to the Russian frontier. Nothing but the mercy of which I had protested against my own arrest saved me from the chains of captivity in the year. As it was, I had some difficulty in getting released, and had to be sent to a different station, on account of the over-bridge given to the locomotion. Mr. Evans found his credit as much involved in the affair, that he sent after David Detoursé for me in England. But I lost the chance of being his head-man on the Westman and St. Petersburg Railway, and took a resolution to take slight vengeance on Detoursé if ever he came in my way. I know not how far that resolution would have been kept, but a very short time after my arrival in England, I received his wedding-wedding, and a most friendly note, informing me that Clement had consented to become Madame Detoursé. They had been engaged for years, he was good enough to say, but the old count could not be brought to approve of the match; all after the little services which he had the happiness to render to the family through my instrumentality. Detoursé further assured me that nothing but the urgent necessity of the case, and the sight he got of the Russian soldiers smothering through the forest to surround the chateau, would have made him subject me to such inconvenience, but he knew my benevolent heart would rejoice in having been the agent of escape to a persecuted patriot. My benevolent heart did not exactly rejoice; it was far a good cause, but I had been tricked, but my engineering prospects, and well deserved it all. None of my friends were enlightened, however, on the last fact. I went back to Birkenhead, and gave Lady Anne to understand the part I had escaped. I am not sure that she didn't believe it was owing to the unrequited love of a Russian countess. At any rate there was a great impression made, not only on her, but on all the Pattersons. I became a hero of romance among them, the greatest obstacle to the renewal of our engagement. I got a position almost to her mind some time after, got married, am now a family man, and can afford to give a true account of my adventures in Poland.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

We have just been put in possession of the facts of a sad case of monomania, which had a terrible termination. A young lady residing in Brooklyn, New York, about thirteen years of age, about a year since became haunted with the idea that she was a second modern Joan of Arc, called by Providence to lead our armies to certain victory in this contest. The hallucination was a strong one, and a change of some being suggested by her physician, she was brought in Ann Arbor, in this state. Her mania, however, increased until it was deemed necessary to confine her to her apartment. She, however, succeeded in making her escape, came to this city and joined the drum corps of a Michigan regiment, her name known only to herself, and succeeded in getting with her regiment to the army of the Cumberland. How the poor girl survived the hardships of the Kentucky campaign, where strong men fell in numbers, cannot however remain a mystery. The regiment to which she was attached had a place in the division of the gallant Van Cleve, and during the bloody battle of Lookout Mountain, the fair girl fell pierced in the right side by a Minnie ball, and when borne to the surgeon's tent her sex was discovered. She was told by the surgeon that her wound was mortal, and he advised her to give her name that her family might be informed of her fate. This she finally, though reluctantly, consented to do, and was released from the regiment, though suffering bitterly from a painful wound, by some friends in her behalf, and prevailed upon her to let him send a dispatch to her father. This she dictated in the following manner:—

—M. — No. — Willoughby street, Brooklyn: Forgive my dying daughter. I have but a few moments to live. My name is Gracie my blood. I expected to deliver my country—but the fate would not have it so. I am content to die. Pray, Pray, forgive me. Tell Ma to kiss my daughter—

—M. —

—P. — Give my gold watch to little John. (The youngest brother of the dying girl.)

The poor girl was buried on the field on which she fell in the service of her country, and her family hoped to save—Detroit

—

A workman in the Commons of Leinster succeeded in making horses without any aid as wild as the best tamed horse in the world. It is also asserted that he has tamed the alleged dangerous wild man, and the alleged discovery, which he has a desideratum for some time past, is now undergoing consideration before the Academy of La

Six years ago, at a small watering-place on the southern coast of England, I met Alice—the lady, I mean, whom I hoped to call my wife. Her name was Alice Morgan. She was young—not quite twenty—an orphan and residing with her aunt, a certain Lady Murray, who lived at a country house called the Heathlands, seven miles from B— It was at a flower-show that we met, and I have never forgotten my first glimpse of that beautiful dark face, with its lustrous eyes and the profusion of raven hair twisted around that small queenly head, as I saw it first through a screen of roses and bionomed shrubs. Two pretty girls, her cousins, were beside her, but their more commonplace loveliness actually seemed to serve as a foil for the rare beauty of their young companion. And presently an older and matronly lady, evidently, by the strong likeness, the mother of the two girls lost to me, spoke of, rejoined them, and they all moved on.

I had many friends, and without much difficulty I obtained an introduction to Lady Murray, her daughters, and her niece. It came out, by great good fortune, as I thought, that my father had been aide-de-camp, in the Peninsula, to old Sir Thomas, Lady Murray's husband. The General was now very aged and broken, and his rheumatism kept him a close prisoner at home; but he remembered my name well, and I was received at Heathlands with all the warmth which characterises the reception of an old friend. I was a frequent visitor to the house, and was always made welcome. There were fées of various sorts going on at that hospitable countryside, in the pleasant summer weather; and at archery meeting, cricket-match or race-ball, picnic or boating party, I always joined the Murphys, and always found my way to Alicia's side.

I have no wish, Thursday, to dwell upon that must seem to you the same routine of mere commonplace love making, and I see that your gesture of suppressed impotence, that you think I am wasting my scanty stores of breath in recounting trifles. I will therefore hurry on. Let it suffice, that within two months of my first meeting with Alicia Morgan at the flower-show, I proposed for her hand and was accepted. It came about so suddenly that I could hardly believe that my suit had been successful, even when the congratulations of my friends to whom the news had been imparted, came pouring in upon me. To own the truth, I was half frightened by my own good fortune.

That you may, in some degree, understand my feelings, I will give you a brief description of the family beneath whose roof, after so short an acquaintance, I had found and was not an unwilling bride. Sir Thomas, crippled by age and infirmities, of a temper and impatient of contradiction, was managed with consummate tact by his clever and comely wife, who was very much his junior. Lady Murray was indeed what in common parlance is styled a "managing woman." She knew the world, she was the world of London society—very well, and played her own part with great skill. The two eldest of her four daughters—she had no son—were already well married, in the world's esteem, and there was but little doubt but that their younger sisters would draw prizes in the matrimonial lottery. All these girls had good looks and some fortune, but in neither respect could even paternal partiality have described them as the equals of their cousin Alicia. She was well dowered, a fair estate in Wales having been bequeathed to her for luck of male heirs; but was not until after I had made my proposals that I learned this fact. To do justice to my own motives, mercenary hopes had share in drawing me on.

I have said enough to show that Lady Murray was by no means the sort of relation likely to encourage what are called romantic notions, or to sympathize with a free-match, where the husband should be poorer of the two. And that such was the case in the present instance I found to chagrin, there would be no doubt. As bachelor and a Guardsman I was well paid off. By the Belgravia standard, the other hand, I was too poor to marry, less my choice should be a woman of property. And yet Lady Murray cordially gave her consent, and secured that of Sir James, who, as the young lady's guardian, had the power of prohibiting her marriage if she should be of age.

nothing could exceed, I may say, the intimacy of the family. My acquaintance with Alice, and with themselves, had been so brief, that a term of probation might well have been imposed upon me. There would have been nothing harsh or unreasonably exact in a stipulation. But no such stipulation is made. When I proceed, as lovers will, on an early day, Lady Murray good naturedly remonstrated, but only on the score of the necessary preliminaries. "Longer, longer, confounders, and coach builders," she said, "must have time to play their game in a proper manner. At earliest, the following day did not take place until the afternoon." But she never seemed to think that

Allie and myself to become better versed in each other's dispositions, and to draw back, if need be, from the hasty engagements that had been plighted under such unusual circumstances.

Brought to legal arrangements, even with what I was assured was most favorable smoothness. What Lady Murray, or the General, may have written to the family solicitor, I cannot tell; but my own man of business was almost rendered suspicious by the unprecedented straightforwardness with which every inquiry was met, and every alteration acceded to. The old lawyer, who had fought many a hard battle over marriage settlements, and with whom it was an article of faith to consider the opposite party as a subtle antagonist bent on getting the best of the bargain, knew not what to think of the easy victory that now seemed to await him. And yet, as he held in professional dodgdom, the lady's solicitors were an eminent firm, and the titles in the property were as clear as titles could be. There was no doubt about the matter, but the pilosity of the Murrays and their legal advisers could not have been greater had I been a duke instead of an esquire. It was left for me to insist that Allow's fortune should be strictly settled on herself. I felt that this precaution was due to my own sense of honor.

Animals came round, and the preparations were all complete. The wedding was to be a very quiet one after all, it had been decided. The ostensible reason, for this change in the programme was the health of old Sir Tascoma, who could not undertake a journey to London, and whom Lady Murray was unwilling to leave alone at Heathlands. I cared little how matters of this kind were settled, and was quite content that Allela and I should be married in the little village church of Hillingdon, the parish in which Heathlands was situated. The wedding, as I have said, was to be a very quiet affair, Julia and Fanny Murray being the only bridesmaids. There was to be a breakfast, but only those of the neighboring country families whose members were intimate with the Murrays, had been invited to partake of it. The day was fixed. The settlements had been signed, duly witnessed, and returned to London. Milliners, lace-vendors, jewellers, had executed their orders with more or less promptness, and stores of finery, which even Lady Murray admitted to suffice to the furnishing of the wardrobe of a young married lady—all were ready. The very spot where the honeymoon should be spent was settled, in what Fanny Murray called a "committee of the whole house." It was decided that no couple had ever been likely to start more smoothly and pleasantly on the voyage of matrimony.

There was come at last, the eve of the day on which Alicia and I were to plight our faith, some weal or woe, to one another; and I rode up, as usual, to the Manor House, followed by my servant. It was my custom to ride those seven miles of indifferent road and to send back the horses, with Sam, to small inns nearly three miles from Heathlands. The road, it so happened, was singularly wild and ill provided with houses for public entertainment; it led into a bleak ill-cultivated where the church towers were rare, and where a traveller might not be ten miles among the treeless wastes. There was no shelter for man or beast short of the Three Horseshoes, which lay, as I have said, about three miles from the manor house, and some rode distant from a stream which foot-passengers crossed by a plank-bridge, but which horses were obliged to ford. At Heathlands my horses would of course have been cared for, had there been a necessary accommodation. But the general habits were peculiar. The stabling was old and ruinous, and there was only just room enough for the carriages, and two pet ponies that belonged to the girls, under that part of the range that I kept a roof above it. I must tell you, captain, that you may understand what followed.

It was a dark day in early December, and the clouds hung threateningly above the bleak hill sides, fringed with black fir clumps, but the sun shone out, making the damp meadows and wet roads glisten, as I rode up from B—, about noon. There had been a great deal of rain lately, and this was one of those mild, damp seasons of which we have had so many. The brook ran nearly up to the girths as we forded it, and the mire was deep in the winding lane that led to the house.

My heart was heavy, somehow, and I felt
 something but the blithe gaiety of spirits that
 comes a bridegroom staring joyously
 with on a career of wedded happiness. I
 had never been a very thoughtful man. I
 was young, prosperous, and my own man,
 and my inducements to meditate had
 been few. But the great change that was
 impending, the trust of another's happiness,
 the responsibilities that I was on the mor-
 row to accept, had made me ponder and
 rest in a way to which I was wholly un-
 used. And I reflected, as I passed through
 the deep lanes, where the scarlet berries of
 holly flashed up from the dusky green
 of the leaves, and where the tall trees closed
 like shalimar, glass, greenback, how
 very, very little I knew of Alice's mind and

And girl whom to-morrow I was to kill
The sacred name of wife.

It was too true, Alice, and I was a most unwelcome one. Our acquaintance was certainly very short, but that was not exactly the case in point. People, especially who they love, may learn to know each other through his and feelings in less time than the which had elapsed since the day of the flower show. But, I realized it for the first time, I knew singularly little of her when I had chosen to be the helpmeet of my life. As far as I could remember, Alice and had seldom or never been alone, really alone together. Always, as it seemed to me, some of the family had been present when we met, and even in the garden at Hawththorne that evening when, in the deep shrubbery, I had poured out my heart in a few broken passionate words, and had told my love to Alice's half-awakened ear, Julia Murray had been hovering near, and had joined us before any answer had been returned to my prayer. And it was from Lady Murray after explanations had taken place, that I had first heard that my suit was viewed with favor.

Even since our engagement, I had rarely been alone with Alicia, and I was almost startled to remember how few were the occasions expressed by her that I could recollect, and how slight had been our interchange of ideas. She was always lovely, graceful, and calm, like a beautiful statue; but it was wonderful how little communion there had ever been between her spirit and my own. Even a lover's memory, which Murray the varied commonplace prattling into daintiest music, could not treasure up any of Alicia's spoken words. I was forced to admit, not only that she was habitually silent, but that the Murrys had hardly ever, by pure accident as it would seem, given me an opportunity of being alone with their ward.

Dim misgivings, too formless to make a permanent impression, crowded on my soul as I rode through the park, where the russet leaves, soaked with water, lay like a thick carpet beneath the bare trees. I was less hopeful, less exultingly sanguine, than formerly, and something like a chill ran through my veins as I caught sight of the steep gables and quaint red roof of the Elizabethan manor-house. These vague feelings, however, soon vanished as I received the warm greetings of my friends; and as Alicia half-heartily put her little hand into mine, I thought I had never seen her look so beautiful. Indeed, she was unusually animated. Her dark blue eyes—she had the rare beauty of the eyes in conjunction with raven hair and a cheek whose bloom was as darkly rich as that of a peach—were more brilliant than was often the case; her smile was brighter, and her silver laughter more frequent. In general, she really did resemble her handsome status, but now, though not talkative, she was at least lively and in high spirits. And yet, sometimes, a sudden change would come over her delicately outlined features, and she would seem as if listening to some sound inaudible to others, and forgetful of what was passing around her. Then the look of rapt abstraction would die away, and the fair, smiling face would resume its former aspect.

never spent a more pleasant afternoon and evening than on that day, the eve of the wedding—the wedding that was never to be. Every member of the friends group seemed to be disposed to contribute to the general joyousness. Even Sir Thomas, unusually exempt from rheumatic tortures, was in high good-humor, and told some campaigning stories that were new, at least to me, and by no means bad of their kind. Lady Murray and her daughters, clever and well-educated women, were very amusing companions, and if Alicia said less than the others, her beaming eyes and gay laugh and an eloquence of their own, and her royal beauty seemed to convert her in some manner into a privileged being, from whom it was to be expected that from others she would have said, as she said, "as I have said, we were happy, and, as is often the case, our mirth seemed the bitterest means of the stormy weather without. For the storm had recommenced; the sheets of rain lashed the windows, the wind was loud, and there was thunder rolling afar off as if groaning trees bowed to the fury of the sea."

for in his story my poor comrade had proceeded with a strength that surprised me, and that was evidently due to a concentrated effort of will, but once or twice he had passed to hearken to the watchful native servant for a fresh portion of the cordials. At this point he stopped, gasping and waving his thin hand to his breast, as he lay back among the pillows. The bearer, who had nursed many a sick sahib on his stashed, glided softly to his side, and supported his languid head. Just then the use of the wild animals in the jungle, which had been more and more harsh and awful, ceased, and there was an abrupt hush, alone an stillness when the very ticking of the watch on the table seemed to jar upon the ear. Told silence lasted for a few minutes, perhaps three or four, as if then came a muttering sound, like that of a rising sea.

In a weak, but a resolute voice, poor Erington went on:—

My usual custom was to leave Westlands

latter had passed unobserved, in the midst of confusion, when the old hunter soldier came, like his master, came in to see with military brevity what had occurred. The rain, falling furiously on the downs, had swollen every stream to a runnel; the bank, already deepened by much wet weather, was now two yards deep, and had damaged the first bridge while, as for fording, no horse in England could breast the torrent. A countryman had come across from the Three Horseshoes to ask what my servant was to do. He had but the alternative of stopping, in the house, where he was, and of riding round to Ashton Poplars, where there was a bridge, four miles off, and with every prospect of losing his way in the storm and darkness.

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense!" said Thomas, awaking from his nap. "You must take up your quarters with us for the night. Can't stumble through these mud-lanes in weather like this, can he, Eleanor? No, no, my boy, stop and sleep, and at your time of life you'll be early enough about get down to B——, dress, and be back before old Mr. Maples puts on his surplice in the vestry of Hillingdon church, I warrant you."

So it was settled. Lady Murray went to bid the housekeeper get a room ready for me, and there was much laughter among the damsels of the Murray family as to being "trapped," and immured in a Healeslands dungeon for the night. In such laughter and merriment Alicia took no share. On the contrary, one of her odd, alien moods came over her, and, for a moment, her beautiful face seemed to stiffen into stone, her eyes looked coldly forth at vacancy, and her lips worked, as if she were about to speak. Then she started, as Lady Murray entered, and bent over a book of engravings, and during the rest of the evening I could not find an opportunity of exchanging word or look with her who was to-morrow to be my wife. And when I bade her good-night, Alicia's hand was deathly cold; it lay passive in mine. She smiled and spoke, but it was evidently with an effort, and in a minute more I was alone.

Alone in the great wainscoted bedroom where the fire and the candles were scarce, able to light up the dark green curtains and the sombre hangings and oaken paneling of the walls. Sir Thomas's man came and went, bringing, with his master's compliments, razors, brushes, linen, and so forth, and presently asked respectfully if I wanted anything more, bowed, and departed. I lay for an hour or more, gazing at the sea, the caverns between the burning coals, and moodily thinking of Alice's strange manner. Did it imply girlish Schizism, aversion, change of purpose? And if so, ought she, as a man of honor, to hold her to her word? Ought I to wed her if she loved me no more? And then rose up the sting of doubt, had she ever loved me? Was her acceptance of my suit the mere result of surprise, perhaps of the persuasion of her relatives, who were evidently my friends. Long I brooded thus, and coming to no satisfactory conclusion, flung myself into bed, and tried to sleep. I woke on a sudden, trembling violently, and with big cold

rope standing taut on my distressed
 broke, not by degrees, but on a sudden,
 with the start from sleep, the hasty rail-
 ings of the faculties, which an abrupt
 alarm can alone inspire. It was as if
 soul, awake while the body slumbered,
 and roused her slothful companion at the
 all of danger. Thereby, we have been in
 action together. I don't think you ever saw
 the finch when death and life were trem-
 bling in the balance: but I assure you that
 on that occasion I was completely un-
 served. Instinctively I felt that peril was
 near, a shapeless, unknown peril that
 weighed upon my heart. Still I rose, re-
 lighted my candle, and hurriedly dressed. My limbs
 shook, my breath came thick and short, and
 was hurried and unsteady; but I crushed
 down the tremors that beset me, threw on
 my clothes, and crossed the door of my

om. They knew what the danger was. The pungent smoke, eddying down the corridor, the smell of burning wood, and a sound as of hissing snakes blended with the well-known crackling sound produced by dry timber in a blaze, gave form and substance to my vague fears. Then I felt my courage revive. Heathlands was on fire—there was no doubt of that. But if the old house could not be saved, there must be ample time to preserve every life, and perhaps much property. The first thing to do was to ascertain the extent of the mischief; the second would be to spread the alarm through the unconscious household. Led by the ominous sounds of crackling wood I hurried along the passage, the smoke growing thicker and half blinding me. My room was at the extremity of the east wing, at the end of a long passage, and the other doors belonged to rooms such as the Museum chamber, the so-called Orestory—which

...dances his various furniture, and was regarded as a curiosity—and two splendid rooms, full of faded but costly upholstery, and which were known as "Lady Jane's chambers," in virtue of some obscure tradition. These two last rooms had their doors ajar, and were full of smoke; but I hardly heeded them, for now I was near enough to the central part of the rambling old house to see

that proceeded from some of the doors opening on the principal landing above the second oak staircase, and, as I know, the Muruges and Alais were thrown with a cry of alarm. The fire was fiercest in that part. I saw long tongues of rubic flame go along the dry wall-molding, licking the dislimbing in sprays to the ceiling, and it gave out volleys of molten iron. Nor was it the only one aroused by the fire. I heard the sound of distant and distant, and the dropping of a dozen shells.

Two, three, of the rooms on the balcony were pouring forth floods of light and flashes of light, mixed with the sports and scraps of half-completed games. This was especially the case of the chamber nearest to the great veranda from whose door a red glare, like that of a furnace-mouth, came angrily forth, by what strange accident—ah! (Scream) last!

"Fire! fire!"

The single dreadful word that meant boldness, and that none can hear without emotion at the sound of the night. A voice seemed at once to spread, the fire, and I, too, school. It, although a glow, the broad darkness continued as the way of escape was open, and that the was confined to the upper part of the. The chief seat of the conflagration was, suddenly the passage to the left, where very beams and joists were burning, where the fire raged in the three. I have mentioned—empty rooms, as

By this time the sleeper had aroused, and Sir Thomas, his clerk, who was the most courageous of the men, supported the halting steps of his crippled husband, Julia and Fanny Munn, serving-men and women, were seen on the oak staircase and the wide hall place, hastily dressed in clothes taken under the spur of the sudden alarm, vociferating questions, exclamations, questions. The fire was above, below, everywhere. It was the work of chance, of leanness, of inconsiderate; but we clung to a practical hint until the alarm bell was heard clanging forth from the east, sturdily tolled by old Job, the watch-bell, though the storm almost obscured the clang of the bell. My eyes rang wildly over the assemblage. There was form melting; the dearest, the fairest, "A little! a little! a little!"

And I called her name aloud. I Murray, very much moved, started, wrung her hands with a gesture of shock and grief, doubly terrible in that impressive woman of the world.

"Allice," she cried. "Yes, this is my work. It is a judgment—a judgment on me. Yet I meant it for the best. Oh, Mr. Livingston, that is her room—there, the bedroom, at the end, where the fire—"

I did not hear the rest. Breaking away from those who in kindness sought to detain me, I rushed through fire and smoke, under burning splinters and waving vapor—on to the door of the room at the end, which stood open. And there, in the glow and reek of the hall that yet lay within—in the midst of the fiery gulf

Here the dying man's voice sank into a husky whisper; and as the hours passed, he supported his head and put the corded muscles of his neck to the test. Then, all of a sudden, there came a roar and a tremor, when a plashing sound of heavy rain, such as which we in Europe have no idea, and the jungle trees bowed groaning, and the plants flapped, and the rearing deluge broke like shot upon the canvas; and the water bubbled through the purlins. The monsoon had begun. I dreaded its effect upon the sufferer; the recollections it might cause, harmonising as it would with his own memories, might shake the hour-glass and shorten his life. But his last words were falling, as he said: "His dulled ear, however, did not seem to hear the thunder of the tempest, for he seemed unconscious of the storm as he lay, and in a weaker voice:

I saw Alice—my own dear and true Alice—my betrothed—my bride—standing before the great altar, in that fatal place, as she was dreamed in her snow-white bridal array, as if for the altar. Over her shoulders flowed the long wedding veil, its distance unfolded to the fullest length, and her small queenly head was the crown upon a wreath, lightly placed on the parents' heads as set off; well the spotless purity of flowers. But were jewels, too, that gleamed and flashed in the balmy light of the sun. She was like some virgin bride, decked for the sacrifice of old. Her face

But what a smile! I recalled, however, that the poor girl's heart was not so much broken as it seemed. She had only stretched out both her hands, crying, "Oh, my dear mother, my dear father!" with an childish laugh that froze my very marrow.

"Yes, have I not done it bravely! have I not the wedding! ha! ha! for the wedding fine."

The last word I did not hear, for I had turned forward, resolved to save her from her fits of herself. Poor thing! she was laughing, her wild gestures, her wild face, with all the convulsions of

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From the "Narrative of a Tour" in Africa, by W. W. Woodhouse, Fellow of the London Geographical Society, recently published in London, we take the following account of an African beauty and prince:

Mr. Woodhouse, in his journey up the Fouta River, a river about two hundred miles south of the Gaboon, into the Congo country, was hospitably received by Quinquen, the King of the Bembé at his capital called Ngumbé, and here he fell in love with the noble princess. He says:

As I was seated in my house, the door opened, and a beautiful girl entered, accompanied by Oshupé. She was tall and slender, her complexion of that deep, warm, brown color which is as different from the artificial blackness of the coast negro as it is from the sickly yellow of the Hindoos. Her eyes were large, and filled with a soft and moderately expression. She came gracefully towards me, and, holding out her hand, murmured in a soft voice, "Afélo."

This young lady was an emblem of hospitality. She told me, through Oshupé, that the king, her father, had ordered her to attend upon me in person, (for that is the highest honor that can be paid to a guest,) and, having asked me if I was pleased with the arrangements of the house, she smiled and went out.

We spent hours every day in each other's company. At first she was full of timidity, but she had never seen a white man before; but this she disguised, lest she should hurt my feelings, and I could read it only in her frowning eyes and in her poor little heart, which seemed to throbb so loudly when we were alone.

It is impossible to imagine a more delicious study than this pretty savage aff. I found her as chaste, as coquettish, and as full of innocent mischief as a girl of sixteen would have been in England. In a little while I found myself becoming fond of her.

At daybreak every morning she presented me with a cup of tea, which Oshupé had taught her to make, and with cakes made of ground-nuts and plantains pounded together. When I came back from the forest, where I had been hunting, she was there to receive me, and to bathe my weary feet. She would bring me my dinner, which she had cooked with her own hands, like the daughters of the ancient patriarchs. She would stand by me all the while, for she would let me see what she had done; and, by devouring me with her looks, would anticipate all my wants.

There is a proverb concerning love which applies to Africa as well as to Europe. Its course no more runs smooth on the Fouta than on the Thames or the Seine. The surprising traveler and the timid princess had no language in common save that of the eyes, and that soon became monotonous; Ananga could not understand, too, why her admirer should wear clothes; she insisted upon luxuries in such encumbrances. All day long, too, she would drive her hands into his pockets, and then horror of horrors, she would smoke in her lover's presence! Notwithstanding these little drawbacks, matters went on cheerfully enough.

Our evenings were spent in festivity. When the moon, that great silver globe-light, was suspended in the sky, the young people met in the centre of the town to dance and sing. They would range themselves in two lines, the men opposite the women. They would advance and retire like long undulating waves, singing in turn, and clapping their hands in time. These songs were sometimes witty, but almost always impossible to translate—exceeding in goodness all that I have heard among girls in the country, thieves in Whitechapel, or costermongers in the New Cat.

One evening, I discovered a new and an innocent pleasure—one which you, in your wretched Europe, can never hope to enjoy.

To bestow a kiss upon lips which tremble with love for the first time, is certainly an epoch in a man's existence. Then, imagine what it must be to kiss one who has never conceived the possibility of such a thing, who has never dreamt that human lips could be applied to such a purpose!

I will own, however, that the romance was produced by a touch of the ridiculous. Ananga and I were seated side by side on the threshold of my house. The sun had sunk into an ocean of foliage; the earth, reeking from its burning rays, exhaled her sweetest scents and songs. The blue river glistened softly by, and blazed the palm-trees fringed and drooping leaves. The parrots flew whistling round the tower, and perched on the neighboring trees in roost. As it grew darker and darker, first one by one, then in a group, stars in the sky, fireflies in the air.

From a distant cottage came the voice of a young girl, and the tinkling of the harp with which her lover accompanied her song.

It was one of those moments in which the heart rises to the lips, and makes them do all kinds of silly things. I kissed Ananga, the daughter of the king.

She gave a shriek, and bounded from the house like a frightened hen. This mode



ANECDOTE OF THE FROST.

SLY GENTLEMAN (pretending to look at exposed thermometer).—"Quite thirty, by Jove!"

YOUNG LADY COUNTESS (who has stopped by the most perfect accident).—"I'm nothing of the kind, sir; and the idea of your pretending not to see me."

of salutation is utterly unknown in Western Africa. She knew that the serpent motions his victim with his lips before it begins its feast. All the tales of white cannibals which she had heard from her infancy had returned to her. The poor child had thought that I was going to dine off her, and she had run for her life.

I will not tell you how Oshupé brought her back, panting and trembling, and her cheeks wet with tears; how I explained to her that this was only a fashion of my country, and how she offered her positing lips (slightly shuddering) in atonement of her folly. But I do think, and I will always maintain, that though the negro intellect is not yet in a fit state to grasp the doctrinal mysteries of our Church, yet a mission for the diffusion of this Christian practice among a benighted people would meet with eminent success, and would make innumerable female converts.

It was only when Mr. Woodhouse wished to leave the country, after an unsuccessful attempt to see or shoot a gorilla—a wish which was only a fancy, a gorilla dance, performed by natives, is, however, brought forward as a compensation—that the king and princess came forth in their true characters. The mask fell from the face of the latter on that occasion as follows:

That night, wishing for a little conversation, I sent for Mafuk. Ananga and I sat on the mat, side by side. Mafuk perched himself on a stool in a dark corner, so that his voice alone might obtrude upon us. A torch was stuck in the ground before us. Sometimes its gleams were so feeble that I could not see her form, as black as the night; then only her bright eyes, her shining teeth, and her brass ornaments glistened upon me. At other times the torch burned well enough, and made the whole room as light as day.

I had spent a little fortune in trade-goods upon my princess. From her neck fell a cluster of beads, which I had hung there with my own hands. Round her waist, arranged in elegant folds, she wore her best dress—two fathoms of satin-stripe cloth. How well I remembered the day on which I had given it to her! She had immediately begun to hem it with some fine plantain fibre—which makes good thread except that it is brittle—and a needle made from a small fish-bone. There she had stayed all the day, and would scarcely speak to me till it was finished. And when it was finished, how her eyes sparkled as she put it on! how she tossed her little head, and turned her coquettish eyes upon it, and received with a proud smile the envious looks of the king's wives!

"Mafuk," said I, "tell Ananga that I am going away to-morrow."

Ananga gave a pert smile when this was translated to her, as much as to say, "If my father lets you." But she answered:

"When you go away I shall be sorry."

"And why will you be sorry?"

"Because I love you very much."

"Do you love me better than your own people?"

"Yes."

"Would you like to come with me to my country?"

Ananga sighed. "I am a bullock," she answered; "if my father tells you to take me, I am taken; if my father tells you to leave me, I am left. Man is the master."

This recognition of our superiority gave with double grace from her lips, when she told the truth, she had rather triumph over me lately. I was in the habit of treating her as a lady, while hitherto she had

been only treated as a slave. But I regret to say that this kindness on my part had appeared to lessen her affection for me, and to develop her self-esteem.

I felt a fatal curiosity to know why it was that Ananga loved me better than the people of her own race. I turned to hear the artless confession of this child of nature; to fathom the thought-secrets of her young soul. From the leader and untrained mind, thought I, of this guileless girl, I shall hear, for the first time, the unsophisticated language of the heart; having wandered through our social desert of withered passions and spurious affection, I can now refresh myself with a draught at the sweet fountain of purity and candor.

"Why do you love me better than black men, Ananga?"

She hesitated to answer. At last she said faintly, that she loved me better than them; she could not tell why. But I made her food of me; perhaps it was some fetch which I had given her. She was only a poor black girl; how was she to know all the arts of a great white man?

Ah! thought I, not without a little self-complacency, love is indeed a fetch, which no philosopher can define, and which may be concealed in a look, in a smile, in a word; which—

Ananga's musical laugh interrupted my meditations. She was chattering something to Mafuk with vast noise and volubility.

Now savages cannot speak without a pantomime of eyes and hands, which often renders language superfluous. Ananga was touching her beads and cloth, glancing at me, and laughing immoderately.

"What is she saying, Mafuk?" said I.

My grave tones warned Ananga. She said something in a low, quick tone to Mafuk. But as she put her fingers on her lips at the same time, I easily guessed the meaning of her words.

"She is asking you not to tell me, Mafuk; but I am your master; do what I order you."

Mafuk, alarmed by my apparent knowledge of Mpongwe, and by my imperious tone, confessed what Ananga had just said; viz.—that she thought a white face very ugly; that having her face wetted with a man's lips was very improper, and not nice at all; and, finally, that she only liked me because I had a fine canoe and because I had given her plenty of beads and servants, and some fine satin-stripe cloth.

This was not flattering, so Mr. Woodhouse became reluctant on affecting his start; and he actually carried it out against the king's wishes, so much so that the negro monarch whether he thought that matters had not been brought to the happy conclusion which he had meditated, or whether he fancied that he and his daughter had been left in the lurch, it does not clearly appear, but certain it is that he followed Mr. Woodhouse in his war-canoe, and brought him back a humble prisoner till he was released by an opposition tribe of Makakas. Once more he started, followed, however, down the river by Quinquen, whose entreaties were heeded by Ananga's voice, "melodious and enticing as those of the ancient sirens," as she softly sang to him to return. But it was in vain; Mr. Woodhouse closed his heart to Ethiopian seductions, persevered on his way, and found himself a free man.

PROPHETIZATION.—A Greek poet, when he seeks to point out the evil of delay, observes:—"The rose is but a better rose in bloom; but the delay—there seeking thou shalt find not a rose, but a thorn."

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